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Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

WEATHER.

Oregon, Washington, Idaho—Fair; cooler.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK, WATCHDOG!

For thirty-five years Anthony Comstock has been watchdog of the morals of New York City, and incidentally, of the country. He is one of the most courageous and uncompromising enemies of the vicious and lewd in society, in the whole nation.

THE WORD OF A FRIEND.

Richard Harding Davis, the well known novelist, comes to the rescue of the good name of his dead friend, Stanford White, the victim of Harry Thaw's murderous gun, lately in New York. Mr. Davis declares the early accounts sent out defaming White's name and record, were inspired lies, and utterly without foundation.

ASTORIA'S PLAIN DUTY.

It is Astoria's plain and simple duty to put herself in shape for the proper reception and entertainment of the traveling public, before another summer solstice shall swing upon her. She must have a new and modern hotel, whomsoever shall build it. She is the only city of her size in the country so badly equipped in this particular, and the laches is being remarked on all sides.

larity, she must not longer neglect this arch-need. It is contributing to her injury now, far more than her people imagine, and another season of delinquency will work her positive detriment.

THE OTHER ARGUMENT.

To check the political ambitions of the Labor Union leaders, the National Citizens' Industrial Association is submitting to political candidates throughout the country two questions:

"Have you pledged your support to the Labor trust or to any other trust, organization, or corporation seeking special legislation?"

"Will you or will you not represent the citizens as a whole and seek to protect them from class legislation, whether by organized capital or organized labor when such legislation is in the interests of the few to give power over the many?"

The plan provides that the names of candidates who stand for labor or capital trusts shall be supplied to the different citizens associations now organized in over 500 towns and cities in order that citizens of all parties, who are opposed to class legislation and organized trust methods of seeking to control legislation can vote for anti-trust candidates at the coming election.

The citizens propose to support public men of either party who stand free from pledges to any organization. They refer to the effort of the labor leaders to secure the passage of an anti-injunction bill, as a direct step towards anarchy and an effort to take away the power of the courts and transfer it to the labor trust or a capital trust, whichever might choose to revenge itself on workmen.

To strip the courts of power to restrain organizations from attacking men or property, would place citizens and communities in jeopardy, from any organization either of labor or capital which might choose to use violence. Labor in its proposed attacks upon other workmen and property; capital if it should see fit to hire men to attack union workmen.

OREGON'S PRIMARY LAW.

Frederick W. Mulkey, who was a candidate in the primary election in Oregon for nomination as United States senator, and who is on a visit to this city, has given the Post-Intelligencer some interesting facts about the workings of the new law in his state. It is quite evident that Mr. Mulkey is not an unqualified admirer of the new law. He criticizes it sharply in some respects, but he also said: "It seems to have annihilated completely the party boss and there seems no manner or way in which political manipulation can be successfully resorted to in a primary election."

If this stood alone as the sole argument which could be made in favor of the direct primary, it should be sufficient to mass the great majority of the people behind the demand for its enactment. A system which annihilates the boss and makes for good services rendered the people, not personal services rendered the boss, the effective method of advancing the political fortunes of the individual office holder or office seeker, guarantees that the public will be infinitely better served in the future than in the past.

If the direct primary annihilates the party boss system and closes the door to political trickery and manipulation through which to control nominations, which are substantially equivalent to elections, the state which adopts the direct primary is to see a cleaner era in politics and a higher order of public service than it has ever witnessed in the past. It is certain to have in office public servants who recognize their accountability is to the people, not to the machine.—Seattle P.-I.

WHAT'S THE USE WORRYING.

Microbes in everything you eat and drink, and if you eat and drink microbes you will surely die and if you don't eat and drink you will still more surely die. Bound to surely die in any event, you had better pay no more attention to microbes than your grand daddies did. They ate and drank everything they wanted and they lived long and prospered knowing nothing whatever about microbes and yet it is said they lived eight hundred years, eating and drinking microbes all the time. Eat and drink anything you want, microbes and all, and you will live until you die and that is just what old Methuselah did—he lived until he died.

Judge—Aren't you ashamed to stand there in the dock charged with beating your own wife?

Prisoner—Herr Judge, what would you do if your wife called you a besotted, drunken vagabond?—Witzblatt.

Da 'Mericana Girl. I gata mash weeth Mag McCue, An' she ces 'Mericana too! You weel no calla me so slow Deef som' time you can looka see How she ces com' an' flirt weeth me. Most evra two 'free day, my frand, She stop by dees panotta stand An' smile an' mak' da googla eye An' Justa look at me an' sigh, An' alla time she so excite! She peeck som' fruit an' taka bite. Oh, my, she cesa look so sweet I no care how much fruit she eat. Me? I am cool an' mak' pretend I want no more dan be her frand. But een my heart, you bat my life, I think of her for be my wife.

Today I think: "Now I weel see How moocha she ces mash weeth me." An' so I speak of dees an' dat—How moocha playnta mon' I gat, How mooch' i makin' evra day An' 'w'at I frand an' put away. An' den I ask, so queeck, so sly: "You theenk som' pretta girl weel try For lovin' me a leetla beet? An' eef I ask her lika dees For geevin' me a leetla kees, You s'pose she geeve me wan or two?" She tal me, "Twanty-free for you!" An' den she laugh so sweet an' say: "Skeeddo! Skeeddo!" an' run away.

She like so mooch for keesa me She gona geeve me twant-y-tree! I s'pose dat 'w'at she say—"Skeeddo!"—Ha, 'w'at you theenk? Now, mebbe se You weel no calla me so slow! —T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

BLEAK SHETLAND.

Its Swarms of Sea Gulls and Its Lone Tree.

Up a little lane off Lerwick's one street there is a garden. At least, it is an inclosed space. In the middle of this space there is a tree. It is not a very tall tree; you could, in fact, toss a biscuit over its branches, but still it is a tree—the only tree in Shetland. And Shetland is proud of it. Children who are brought for the first time to see the wonders of one streeted Lerwick are shown this tree. This is not fiction. It is the only tree in Shetland. As there are no trees in Shetland, there are no birds, except, of course, the sea gulls, which you can number by the thousand. The sea gulls are the sparrows of Lerwick, and, as such, they have a greater share in the town's life than have the sparrows of London. In the morning time you will note that a sea gull sits on every chimney pot. Sea gulls swoop and hover over every roof in the town.

The air is full of their strange, high, plaintive, haunting cries. Their sad, shrill, long drawn cries are to Lerwick as the chattering of sparrows or the cawing of rooks are to us in England. Every house has its own familiar sea gulls and every street its own band of sea gulls. They never mix. The children in each house have a pet name for their own particular sea gulls, and, having called them to them by those names, they feed them every day. And each sea gull knows what is meant for him. No sea gull attached to one house ever seeks to eat the food scattered from the house next door. He does not dare; the other gulls would kill him. So all day long the sea gulls hover and call over the roofs of Lerwick. The people of the town, if they come across a little pile of rice hid upon the roadway, step over it with care. They know that it is placed there for some sea gull. And at night the sea gulls leave their own appointed chimney pots and fly gracefully away to their resting places on the rocks of the Isle of Noss.—London Express.

How He Knew.

There is a very forgetful girl in Denver, living up on Washington street. Fearing a young man who called on her last week would stay too long she set the clock in the parlor half an hour ahead. She was tired, having been out horseback riding that day, and wanted to get to bed early. The scheme worked. But then she forgot to turn the clock back and, having numerous young men friends, she also very carelessly forgot which one it was. Last night the young man called again. The clock was still fast and he noticed it.

"That clock is wrong, isn't it?" he asked. "Yes," she replied. "I set it ahead so a fellow who called Wednesday night would go home in time to let me get some sleep."

"The clock fooled him all right," said the caller quietly.

"How do you know?" she asked. The young man smiled a sickly smile. "I called Wednesday night."

The girl coughed. "We're having so much trouble in getting a hired girl," she said. "Does your mother ever have difficulty securing good help?"—Denver Post.

Twisted.



Lady (engaging domestic)—And does your young man wish to see you every week?

Servant—Oh, no, mum; some weeks 'e don't see me for months.—Tatler.

Morning Astorian, 65 cents per month, delivered by carrier.

THE PERFECT WAY. Scores of Astoria Citizens Have Learned It.

If you suffer from backache. There is only one way to cure it. The perfect way is to cure the kidneys. A bad back means sick kidneys. Neglect it, urinary troubles follow. Doan's Kidney Pills are made for kidneys only.

Mrs. J. W. Painter, of 310 East Seventh street, Portland, Ore., says: "I have not lost any of my faith in Doan's Kidney Pills since I publicly recommended the remedy in February, 1903. As I started at that time, a severe spell of sickness early in my life left me with kidneys, and as time went on I suffered more and more with spells of backache. The pain through the kidneys was torture, and often a could not find a comfortable position to lie in. When able to be up and around I was troubled with headaches and dizziness and could not stoop or lift anything. I doctored and used various treatments but nothing seemed to help me any until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The use of this remedy was very satisfactory. It gave me so much relief that I cannot hesitate to recommend it, and will put in a good word for Doan's Kidney Pills whenever I find an opportunity."

Plenty more proof like this from Astoria people. Call at Charles Rogers' drug store and ask what his customers report.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Judge—Have you any witnesses of last night's attack upon you?

Prosecutor—Certainly; my house dog Pluto. Just let him inside the door and he will get straight for the prisoner.

Judge—No; we can't go so fast. The witnesses have to be sworn first.—Bombe.

In Self Defense

Major Hamm, editor and manager of the Constitutionalist, Eminence, Ky., when he was fiercely attacked four years ago by piles, bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of which he says: "It cured me in ten days and no trouble since." Quickest healer of Burns, Sores Cuts and Wounds. 25c at Charles Rogers drug store. aug

A—That bewitching siren has cost me all my fortune.

B—And me my understanding.

A—You always get off easily.—Kikeriki.

The Empress of Japan has presented 984 artificial eyes and 1797 artificial limbs to soldiers maimed during the Russo-Japanese war, according to a Japanese newspaper.

Conductor (to gentleman with lady)—Don't you wish a separate compartment again, Herr Schanchehl?

Young Husband—No, this time it's my wife.—Kikeriki.

The End of the World

of troubles that robbed E. H. Wolfe, of Bear Grove, Ia., of all usefulness, came when he began taking Electric Bitters. He writes: "Two years ago kidney trouble caused me great suffering, which I never would have survived had I not taken Electric Bitters. They also cured me of general debility." Sure cure for all stomach, Liver and Kidney complaints, Blood diseases, Headache, Dizziness and weakness or bodily decline. Price 50c. Guaranteed by Charles Rogers drug store. aug

Here is a question in naval science which is to the average sailor man a riddle unsolved. Take a vessel, of say, 2,500 tons; place on it a cargo of 3,500 tons. This gives you a total of 6,000 tons. Hitch a little tug to this vessel and she will yank the big craft along at the rate of six or eight knots an hour. Now, put the tugs machinery in the big vessel. It wont move her half a knot an hour. Why is this?

Daughter—I am going to read that new book, "In the Everlasting Ice." Mother—Very well; but better wrap something round your throat.—Bombe.

"A stupid, jealous girl, that Elsie. I told her four weeks ago in the strictest confidence that I was secretly engaged, and up to now she hasn't told a single person."—Witzblatt.

A Mystery Solved.

"How to keep off periodic attacks of biliousness and habitual constipation was a mystery that Dr. King's New Life Pills solved for me" writes John N. Pleasant of Magnolia, Ind. The only pills that are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to everybody or money refunded. Only 25c at Charles Rogers drug store. aug

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